

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAM

The Leading Newspaper of Central West Virginia.

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Published at Clarksburg, W. Va., as second class mail matter

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

TELEPHONES	
Consolidated.	137-Y
Editorial Room	137-Y
Business Office	137-L
Editorial Room	230
Business Office	233

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
By mail, postage included	10c per copy
By carrier, delivered	10c per copy
Per week	\$2.50

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.	
When changing address give old as well as new address	

All communications must be signed, or receive no attention whatever



SEPTEMBER 24, 1916.

A Morning Motto.

YOU REAP what you sow—not something else—but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown a seed of life—you reap Life everlasting.—F. W. Robertson.

Blind Could Find Water.

IN THE October *American Magazine*, there is an article about Nevada, in which the writer says:

"There is a vast supply of artesian water in all of Nevada's valleys. Most of the rivers are peculiar in that they rise and sink within its borders. In other words, the water never leaves the state. It is still there for the taking.

"When I was a boy, a man with a diving rod appeared in Eagle Valley and offered to locate artesian water at \$10 a well. He picked up quite a bunch of money. The wells he located are running yet. A blind man could hit one.

"The easiest thing they do in Nevada is to locate artesian water, with a pressure that lifts the supply above the surface. The soil of the state is rich in those necessary chemical elements that guarantee mastodon crops.

"At the present time the total number of acres under cultivation is about 900,000.

"Viewed from any angle, Nevada is one of the few states in the union whose resources have not been developed. It is a state of boundless possibilities. A gold field rush or a Tonopah excitement is of no significance compared with the greater and more lasting achievements possible through its soil."

Whence Comes Supreme Judges.

OF THE twenty-nine judges of the supreme court of appeals who have served since West Virginia became a state, ten counties have furnished twenty-four of them. Harrison leads the list with four—Judges Harrison, Maxwell, Hoffman and Lynch—the first three having been among the first eight members of the court.

Mason county has furnished three—Judges Moore, English and Poffenbarger; and Greenbrier three—Judges Snyder, Holt and Williams.

Seven counties have supplied two each as follows: Monongalia, Judges Berkshire and Cox; Kanawha, Judges Brown and McWhorter; Marion, Judges Haymond and Mason; Taylor, Judges Dent and Robinson; Jefferson, Judges Green and Lucas; Lewis, Judges Edmiston and Brannon; and Wood, Judges Johnson and W. N. Miller.

Five counties have furnished the court with one judge each as follows: Ohio, Judge Paull; Barbour, Judge Woods; Jackson, Judge Warren Miller; Monroe, Judge Patton; and Mercer, Judge Sanders. The other forty counties have been without representation in the state's highest tribunal.

Judge W. N. Miller, of Wood, has been renominated by the Republicans, and his running mate is Judge Ritz, of Mercer. Opposing them are Judge Ewing, of Ohio, and Judge Wilkinson, of Logan, the nominees of the Democratic party. Three of the four counties which have candidates this year have judges on the bench.

Better English.

THAT THE modern public schools pay a great deal of attention to English needs only a glance at the curriculums to determine. However, learning good English and speaking it is not always the same thing—not even writing it. Slang is still popular, even if often uncouth. The *Age-Herald*, of Birmingham, Ala., speaks of a school campaign there with the purpose of encouraging a more correct use of English, and, in this connection, says:

"The work being done by Miss Crumpton, head of the English department of the girl's industrial school at Montevallo, in a campaign for better English in Alabama deserves every encouragement. Miss Crumpton is in charge of an undertaking that should appeal to all the intelligent people of the state and is part of a nation-wide movement.

"Educational matters are attracting more attention now than ever before in Alabama. Too long the state has suffered under the blight of illiteracy. An amendment to the constitution permitting counties to tax themselves for educational purposes will be voted on next November. This measure is being supported by teachers and public-spirited citizens.

"Miss Crumpton's work is properly a part of this great movement. It concerns not only the illiterate, but educated people, as well. Carelessness in speech is almost universal. Yet, 'good habits' in speaking should be cultivated, along with good morals and good manners."

Are Cities Concerned.

THERE is an occasional complaint that people living in cities, unless they own automobiles, have no concern in rural roads and should not be taxed for their improvement. An interesting light on this point is shed by an editorial in the *Daily Town Talk*, of Alexandria, La., which reads as follows:

"Attention has again been called to the almost impassable condition of the road to Marksville. One of the worst places in this road is the Bayou Marie swamp and the hill in that section which is almost impassable for teams. Parties coming through there recently state that the road is too bad for travel now, and that in the fall and winter it will be much worse. The condition of this road is injuring trade in Pineville and Alexandria, used as it is by a large number of farmers living in that section, who will go toward Marksville instead of traversing this road to come to Pineville and Alexandria. It is stated conservatively that a thousand bales of cotton will be diverted from here to Marksville this season on account of the condition of the road, unless it is improved at once."

Every progressive town has a board of trade or its equivalent, which strives to attract rural trade to the town's shops. If the roads leading to the town are so poor as that described in the quotation, a check is not only placed on the trade from the farmers, but the number of thrifty farms is kept down, for no intelligent man desires to isolate his family in lonesome solitude by living where conditions are like those on "the road to Marksville."

The Seventh Biscuit.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR., tells an interesting story in *The Christian Herald*. It follows:

I knew a boy who was a sophomore in college. He had been away from home just long enough to realize that the little house he came from was not very pretentious. And he began to be ashamed of the home, where his mother sat, in a neat print frock, darned stockings; and where his father, dressed in blue overalls,

fussed over the kitchen garden.

This boy made friends with a rich student who belonged to the same fraternity. And then, suddenly, at the beginning of the Easter holidays, the rich student walked into the boy's room, and said: "Say, Dick, the mater's giving a big party this week—and I'm tired of big parties. Can't I go home with you?"

And the boy, groaning inwardly, said as cheerfully as he could. "Why, certainly, old man, I'd be glad to have you."

So Dick came home with his rich friend. And the father, in overalls, met them at the station with a buggy. And the rich friend drove home sitting on a soap-box, for the buggy was small. And he laughed and said it was fun, but the boy was strangely silent. And the mother, in her freshest print dress, met them at the gate and kissed them both. "For," she said, "I know I'll love any of my son's friends!"

And the rich man's son thought of his coldly formal home, and he kissed her while he winked, just a bit, because there was something in his eyes that bothered him. But Dick dragged him away worriedly, and led him to the guest chamber.

And then they had supper in the cool dining-room, and there was home-made strawberry jam to eat, and hot biscuits. And as the rich student was eating his seventh biscuit he turned suddenly to the boy. "You're lucky, Dick," he said gruffly. "You don't know how lucky you are!" And then Dick understood. And he wasn't ashamed of his home any more.

Cape St. Elias--Light Station, Alaska.

THE CAPE ST. ELIAS light station, Alaska, was placed in commission on September 6, 1916, and the temporary light discontinued. This station is located on the south end of Kayak Island, on a shelf about forty-five feet above sea level. The tower is square and supports a cast-iron watch room and second-order lantern, whose focal plane is forty feet above the base of the structure and eighty-five feet above sea level. The tower rises above the roof of the fog signal building from one of its ends. On a terrace east and north of this building are located the cooling tanks for the engines, the fuel-oil and illuminating-oil tanks, cisterns, the dwelling with quarters for three keepers (men only), and the boat and hoisting-engine house, with an inclined railway to the sea level. There is a system of roads, tracks, sewers, drains, etc., about the buildings, which are of reinforced concrete and hollow terra-cotta tile where the latter is practicable. The illuminating apparatus consists of a three-mantle lamp in a third-order, double-flashing lens of 300,000 candlepower, and the range due to its elevation is fifteen and one-fourth nautical miles. The metal superstructure of the tower, including the watch room, gallery, and helical bar second-order lantern, was on exhibition at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in San Francisco during 1915. The fog signal, which will be placed in commission at an early date, consists of a six-inch automatic compressed air siren, in duplicate, each with a trumpet with a two-way mouth. This machinery, including the necessary air tanks and piping, was also exhibited at San Francisco.

The characteristic of the light is a double white flash every twenty seconds. That of the fog signal will be a double blast of four seconds each every minute.

This lighthouse will be one of the most important on the coast of Alaska, as it is the landfall light for vessels bound to Prince William Sound or Cook Inlet from either the Pacific coast of the United States or southeastern Alaska. It has been constructed by the lighthouse service directly, which has maintained a force during the last two seasons in this remote spot.

A gas, whistling and submarine bell buoy was placed off this cape on May 14, 1916, and an automatic gas light has been maintained on an offlying rock during the construction of the lighthouse.

The Lost Penny.

"ONE OF THE financial tasks of Great Britain after the war will be the finding of the Lost Penny," remarks the *New York Sun*. In connection with the penny which has failed to show up, there is something of a story, and the *New York Sun* tells about it in this wise:

"Its pursuit at present has been abandoned because of the need of men and money for the more immediately vital work of fighting, but there is no danger that the penny will be forgotten."

"The Lost Penny went astray some time in the year that ended February 28, 1915. It belonged in the accounts of the paymaster-general. The comptroller and the auditor-general sought it vainly. They were forced to report that from a balance of 2,234,760 pounds, thirteen shilling and three pence, the penny, or as they wrote it, 1d., as missing. Nothing much was said at the time, no suspicion was cast on the paymaster-general, and it was expected that the penny would be found presently.

"But when the report of February 29, 1916, came, the penny was still missing and bookkeeping Britain began to frown. To what was the empire coming? In the conservative clubs the absent copper, or rather its absence, was laid at the door of Lloyd George. Limehouse! This would not have happened under Lord Salisbury. After a summer's work of hunting the four fleeting farthings the government has dropped the effort, not as it did the Dardanelles campaign, but for the time being. It was costing hundreds of pounds of clerks' and examiners' time to hound the penny; money that was needed for munitions. If times were not so hard the royal auditors never would consent to a truce with a penny. They would get it, even if the colonies reeled beneath the cost. But war has softened them and they temporize. Of course, explains an official at the exchequer and audit office, there is nothing to conceal.

"A reporter for the *Daily Mail* went to the auditor-general with what he considered a fortunate solution of the financial tragedy. It should first be explained in palliation of his offense that probably he came from Park Row or Ireland; surely not from Glasgow. He put his hand in his pocket and offered to toss a penny into the treasury to balance the account. The look he got cannot be put on paper. 'It would be highly improper,' was the official reply. And every bookkeeper who has toiled into the night because he added nine and seven and made fifteen of them will appreciate the justice of the answer. In the kingdom of ledgers no guilty penny may run at large."

Debtors Get Suggestions.

In the recently revised *Handbook on Community Social Gatherings*, just issued by the state department of schools, scores of suggestions have been made of ways to make such meetings interesting. One is the suggestion of thirty-five possible questions for debate, in which any member of the community might take part.

Twenty-one of these suggested questions are as follows: Resolved, That West Virginia should abolish capital punishment.

That West Virginia should have a more effective compulsory school attendance law.

That West Virginia should allow women to vote.

That there should be an educational qualification for voting.

That West Virginia should lay a state levy of one mill for the support of the state university.

That the United States should increase its navy.

That football should be abolished from West Virginia.

That the Monroe Doctrine is out of date and should be abandoned.

That there should be a small tax on oil and gas for the support of schools and roads.

That the United States should permanently retain control over the Philippine Islands.

That the president of the United States should be elected for a term of six years and be ineligible for re-election.

That county superintendents of schools should be appointed instead of elected by the people.

That the state superintendent of schools should be appointed

by the governor.

That a system of compulsory old age insurance should be adopted in the United States.

That West Virginia should adopt the county as the unit of school taxation and administration.

That West Virginia should maintain a state constabulary.

That the West Virginia house of delegates should be reduced in number to one delegate from each county.

That there should be a larger supplementary school fund to aid poor school districts.

That the trustee system of administering local schools should be abolished.

That every district should maintain a superintendent of schools.



NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—If Fritz Schlapper, constable of Woodmont, had not slapped the hand of the law upon Hortense Louise, a full-blooded and voiced Holstein cow belonging to Mrs. Walter H. Bradley, dear knows what the residents of the summer colony would have done for amusement.

However, Schlapper arrested Hortense and the season has been both noisy and absorbing. The basis of the entire difficulty seems to be that Hortense, despite her name, is a powerful barytone. Her "moo" on a clear day, can be easily heard in Bridgeport. After Mrs. Bradley had placed the siren in the center of the colony for a month complaints could be heard in Toledo.

Finally a complaint was filed and Fritz Schlapper, the inimitable cow despot, placed Hortense Louise formally in the toils. The court verdict was that Hortense would be welcome in Woodmont only in the form of raw meat, properly chiseled and free of the soul-racking "moo."

As a matter of fact it was claimed that the noise was only Hortense singing. "Where is My Wandering Gait Tonight?" But the complainants declared that if Hortense was merely calling her young the young must have been removed to Asia Minor.

George Rector was standing in front of Rector's the other evening, airing his jet black mustache and watching the home-going Manhattaners. Sweeping down Broadway came a group of about the prettiest girls George has seen since the opening night of the Follies.

There was nothing about them blasé. They were seeing New York and they were not afraid to ask questions as New Yorkers generally are. One of the most beautiful stepped up to Mr. Rector. "Are ladies allowed in Rector's unseated?" she asked.

He assured them that they were and personally escorted them to one of the best tables on the lower floor with

a good view of the dances. Around them women were smoking cigarettes, quaffing the succulent highball and trying bravely not to be bored to extinction.

The visitors drank lemonade. They were school teachers from Louisiana—youth and vivacious—and to them New York was a thrill. After they left, Rector turned to a friend: "Did you notice that they had a better time than any other guest here? Do you know why? Well—because they are genuine. Most girls drink and smoke to be smart or to give the air of being thoroughly metropolitan. These girls would not drink because they have self respect and drinking to them is abhorrent."

D. W. Griffith, who has been headlined for the last two weeks as the "Master Mind of the Movies," was dining with a group of friends late after the first performance of his film "Intolerance" the other night at the Majestic.

And he told a story. There was a chorus girl and a follower of the races who married one day when he had cleaned up on a long shot. They took an apartment on the drive and she developed a yearning for the screen star class. He had money and so he financed a company and called in a scenario writer.

The girl wanted to be an Oriental beauty on the film. She told the scenario bound and he fixed up a play. After it was done he took it around to their mansion so they could read the manuscript. The bride was in Oriental draperies for the occasion and reclined on a divan and the husband was in evening clothes.

The young playwright read his photo-play. He waited when he had finished for comment. Finally the girl said languidly: "It reads pretty good, but it's full of inauspiciousness."

"Now, listen, dearie," said the husband, "You got the right dope, but I must say there's a mucus in it for a pretty fair yarn."

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY

Swat the Rag Weed!

(Bluefield Daily Telegraph.)

The American Hay Fever Prevention Association is urging the destruction of rag weed as the cause of by far the greater part of the three million sufferers from hay fever. There is no reason why a general campaign against the rag weed should not be inaugurated. It is a nuisance anyway, regardless of its injurious pollen. It would greatly improve the vacant fields, roadsides and waste places to have this tramp weed eliminated. Let your new slogan be "Swat the fly and down the rag weed."

What Kind of Security.

(Fayette Journal.)

Within a short time there will be placed with the banks of Fayette county nearly a million dollars derived from the sale of road bonds. What kind of security should the banks be required to give? Some of the bank officials have suggested that personal bonds ought to be a sufficient protection, and the matter is now being considered by the county court.

In Picasants County.

(Picasants County Leader.)

Heard about the latest German "drive"? It was Sunday afternoon and a dainty miss sat by his side.

Uses Plain Language.

(Preston Republican.)

The man who deliberately turns his automobile headlights on full blaze in the streets of any town or on the country roads when he is meeting another car not only shows his indifference to the rights of other people, but he lights up his entire interior mentally and morally. He is a calloused individual, a "smart Aleck" or a plain fool. Sometimes he is all three. So the next time a man flashes blinding headlights from his automobile in your face, while you are not able to see who he is, you will know by the sign what he is.

Smaller Farms Needed.

(Randolph Review.)

It is not the larger farms of the county which make for the greatest prosperity and the greatest production. There are exceptions to that, of course. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the small farm of say 100 acres, yields the greatest returns for its size, because it is not so difficult to utilize all the ground and secure every ounce of production from the entire farm. In this as in other counties, part of the large farms are non-productive, because it is impossible to cover the entire farm or to devote the entire farm to various crops. It is therefore a waste of land and the payment of taxes without any adequate return. When a man has too large a farm and is not deriving benefit from all of it he is in the position of a man who is not running all the departments of his business to the fullest capacity, and is therefore losing money on part of his business. In short he is land poor and possibly by holding on to too large a farm prevents some energetic citizen from cultivating land. In the course of time every acre of farm land will be utilized. Farm lands will never be any cheaper. The farm is the best investment a man can make.

WIFE FINDS KEY TO HUSBAND'S LOVE CODE

His Clandestine Missives Then Read Like Open Book to Indignant Spouse.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Sept. 23.—A code used by Chester J. Capps, of this city, in writing affectionate letters to other women, fell into the hands of Mrs. Eunice Capps, his wife, and thereafter the little love missives became to his wife an open book. The letters written in the code language were introduced in evidence before Superior Judge Denay when Mrs. Capps was granted a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

Capps, an employee of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, invented his code to carry on a correspondence with Grace Durbrow, of Fresno. The directions for its use are as follows:

"Write each word backward and add a letter both before and after, so when you read it, all you have to do is leave off the first and last letters of each word and read it backward, as follows:

"A-d-n-a-t spells 'and,' with the first and last letters stricken out. 'A-l-l-w-y, d-e-e-s-o, s-u-o-y-a, s-n-o-o-s-a."

The code fell into the hands of Mrs. Capps, when the young woman to whom it was addressed found that Capps was a married man. Accompanying the letter addressed to Mrs. Capps and containing the code was a copy of a letter addressed to Capps which read:

"I have just heard that you have a wife with whom you are living in San Francisco. You are a liar and a scoundrel and tarring and feathering is too good for you."

Investigation started by Mrs. Capps brought to light letters which her husband had received and written to several other women and these were introduced in evidence. There was introduced in evidence also a lock of chestnut hair, which Mrs. Capps found in a pocket her husband wore as a watch charm, and a dainty handkerchief used by another woman.

Capps explained that the handkerchief was his sister's but had no explanation for the hair. The letters also, he told his wife, were merely such as might be written from a brother to a sister.

DOCTOR HAPPENS ALONG IN TIME TO SAVE LIFE

GULEPH, Ont., Can., Sept. 23.—While playing around the yard the 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McPhail, of Rockwood, fell into a deep cistern in which there was about four feet of water. Other children gave the alarm, and help was soon at hand. Fred Hamilton went down in the cistern and got hold of the child, but efforts to get him both out failed, with the result that the little fellow fell back into the water. E. Carton descended to the bottom of the cistern, and finding the child, managed to hold it above the water until those above were able to pull it to the surface. When taken out the little one was black in the face and apparently dead.

With rare good fortune a doctor was seen passing the house, and he lost no time in starting measures for resuscitation. It was some time before his efforts were successful, but eventually the child was restored.

hippopotamus. — London Saturday Journal.

"Why do you call Bilgins an expert accountant? He isn't up on figures."

"No, but there isn't any phenomenon in the universe that he doesn't attempt to be able to account for."—Washington Star.

"Blacksmiths seem to have a reputation for honesty."

"Deservedly so, but due partly perhaps, to the nature of the business. Nobody encumbers a blacksmith with trust funds. There is nothing to adulterate in his line. Compared with some of us, a blacksmith has few temptations to resist."—Kansas City Journal.

THERE'S A LESSON

to be found in the lives of those who reached the top. It wasn't "LUCK"! They worked and saved to be ready for every advance in their career.

No one knows what tomorrow may bring.

The trouble is that many never think of to-morrow—live only for to-day. They fail to understand the value of small economies.

If a start would only be made by laying aside a small part of the income, the lesson of economy would soon be learned.

By opening an account with us, you'll find a system to your foresight that will benefit you, now and later.

THE LOWNDES SAVINGS BANK

AND

4%-TRUST COMPANY-4%

Resources over \$1,000,000

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.